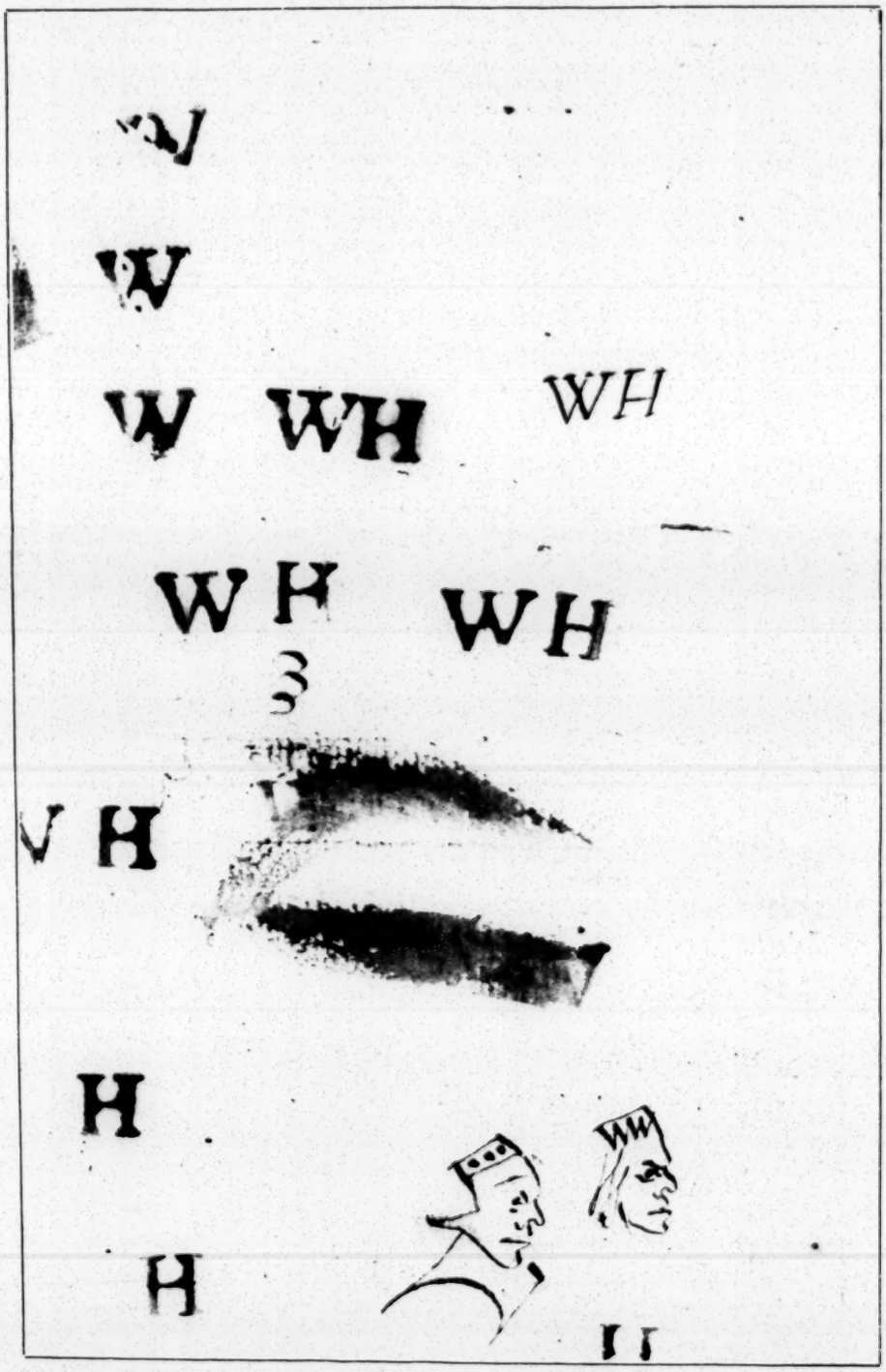
The black
DIET:
OR
The Hiſtorie of Chriſt's Paſſion, in which Hell deviſes the overthrow of Chriſt and his Doctrine, the Jewes, High-Prieſts, Scribes and Phariſes, with the Roman Magiſtrates, ſee to the Execution, and God turnes the death of Chriſt to ſinfull Man's Salvation.

By Thomas Calvert, *M. A. of* Sid. *Coll.* Cambr.
Miniſter of the Goſpell.

1 Corinthians 2. 2.
I determined not to know any thing among you, ſave Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified.

Iſidor Peluſiota *Lib.*4 *Epiſt.*32.
Τὸν ἀοίδιμον σαυρὸν δίκαιον προσειπεῖν, ὃ μόνον γῆς, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὑπὲρ γῆς ἔρεισμα, τε καὶ ἀγλάϊσμα.

YORKE, Printed by *Alice Broade*, and are to be ſold by *Richard Lambert* at the Minſter-gates, 1664.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The black Diet.

OR,

The Consultation of Devills, Jews, Priests, Pharises *to put Christ to death, with their proceedings, and his passion.*

Thus it beginnes: *Maxime cœlicolûm, supera qui celsus in aula Æterno imperio superes &c.*

GReat Lord of heavenly hosts, that reign'st on high,
With Scepter of eternall Emperie,
Ruling the affairs of men and Gods: what blast
Of whirlwind wrath, what headlong rage did cast
The Jewes into that Plot against thy Sonne;
On whom with horrid tortures they have runne,
And caus'd him dye in deaths most cruell kind,
Farre passing all murders modells? This my mind,
My thoughts purpose to character in verse.
And thou, ô Father, whiles I this rehearse,
Waft on my slender sails through billowing seas,
On these my Muses first-fruits write, They please.
Thou also, ô famous Prelate, turn thy face
Towards me: thou, whom the splendour of rare grace,
And holy life exalts, celebrious fame
In worlds best parts hath blazoned thy Name:

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11

The black Diet.

OR,

The Conſultation of Devills, Jews, Prieſts, Phariſes *to put Chriſt to death, with their proceedings, and his paſſion.*

Thus it beginnes: *Maxime cœlicolûm, ſupera qui celſus in aula Æterno imperio ſuperes &c.*

GReat Lord of heavenly hoſts, that reign'ſt on high,
With Scepter of eternall Emperie,
Ruling the affairs of men and Gods: what blaſt
Of whirlwind wrath, what headlong rage did caſt
The Jewes into that Plot againſt thy Sonne;
On whom with horrid tortures they have runne,
And caus'd him dye in deaths moſt cruell kind,
Farre paſſing all murders modells? This my mind,
My thoughts purpoſe to character in verſe.
And thou, ô Father, whiles I this rehearſe,
Waft on my ſlender ſails through billowing ſeas,
On theſe my Muſes firſt-fruits write, They pleaſe.
Thou alſo, ô famous Prelate, turn thy face
Towards me: thou, whom the ſplendour of rare grace,
And holy life exalts, celebrious fame
In worlds beſt parts hath blazoned thy Name:

Whoſe vertuous manners and religious wayes,
Decked with Latiall dignity, winne the praiſe,
Bleſt with the Muſes gifts humane, divine,
Breath proſpering windes upon this barke of mine.
To me thou art *Ceſar*, yea the true *Apollo*,
With ſuch auſpicious conduct I dare follow,
Exiling fear and doubt, and hope to ſee
Succeſſe, as guided by a Deitie.
Hither *Donatus*, hither, ô Father, come,
Whiles I theſe Meters ſing, ſuccour thy ſonne:
Defend this verſe of youngling ſtile, mean wit.
Hereafter when I meet with ſeaſons fit,
And ſtudies vacancy, when age ripening dayes
Shall ſettle me, with grave and ſerious layes
Then will I write: and from thy native ſource
Deſcribe thy ſtock, thy geſts, if ſo my courſe
Heavens proſper. Now my ſails begin to find
Their ſwelling wombe grown pregnant with firſt wind:
I'le bid farewell to ſands and ſhores, and lo
I launch into ſeas depth, and forward go.
Now was ſet ope the large Hall of proud Hell,
That wretched habitation, that low Cell
Rings with a call throughout, for *Pluto* cites
All his Commanders, Captains, helliſh Knights,
To attend his curſed Throne, his tongue with rage
And madneſſe ſummons them. The infernall cage,
And place of horrid hell by ſite doth lye
In midſt of an hollow rock, there ne'r did eye
See atome or glimpſe of day, perpetuall night
There allwayes lodges, round about it quite
Is the dull Stygian Lake, and waters deep
Of flood *Cocytus*. Alas, of ſouls that weep

This Prelate was *Peter Donatus* Biſhop of the City *Padua*. *Sixt. Senenſ Bibliot. ſanc.* l.b. 4.

Too poeticall & heatheniſhly for a Chriſtian is Hell here deſcribed. As in *Juvenal*, l.b. 1. Sat. 2.

From

From this black Gulphe, what wailing noyſe is heard?
Here monſtrous ſnakes (ſo great, as may be fear'd
In thought, as well as ſight) in the black ſand
Do crawl: Monſters, not known in any Land,
Here roll themſelves in filthy ſlime and mudde:
Serpents all kinds, ſo dreadfull, as hotteſt blood
Of ſtouteſt heart would freeze them but to ſee,
Breathing out impious hiſſings conſtantly:
Devouring fire alongſt the floud is ſpread,
Creeping in midſt of th' ayr, ſuch ayr I read,
As nothing worſe for fogge and filth there is.
New Elements gendered in this Abyſſe
Thou wouldſt imagine, yet here's all the State
Plac'd in this Region, and th' Tribunall-ſeat
Of the infernall *Jove*. Seated on high,
With voyce of thundring terrour, he doth cry,
And call his raging Legions, which come
As hurryed in a ſtorme: each curſed room
Straightwayes they fill, th' prince-Devill ſilence brake,
From's ſeat 'bove all the reſt, to them he ſpake.

Eſſe aliquos manes, & ſubterranea regna, & contũ, & ſtygio ranas in gurgite nigras &c. Nec pueri credunt. Pallentesq; lacus, & ſquallida Tartara terrent. Virgil. *in Culice.*

MY Lords and Captains of Hells Imperiall Hall,
Great cauſe there is, which moved me to call
This Synod and *Black Dyet*. Now your King
Summons you not for ſome poor triviall thing.
With ſundry terrours I am vext and ſpent,
Mark what I ſay, remember, be attent,
And in theſe words learn you my minds intent.
'Tis long ſince we firſt waged dreadfull warre
With a ſtout ſoldier, whoſe force by farre,

In battell ours excells. Full oft you have seen,
How 'gainst his enemy his shield hath been
Strongly advanc'd, and how his darts are thrown
From 's hand, as if a whirl-wind drove them on.
About him people flock, one part believe
And follow his high Oracles: some receive,
Him as a Divine Power, and humbly adore.
VVhat shall I say? Townes, Cities, alas more,
* Even the whole world for his high-flying fame
Is but the field. His speeches, Sermons gain
All unto him, his Doctrine 's all o'r gone:
* In our Coasts he beginns to set his Throne.
Alas, we are vanquished, ô wretched we,
How small 's our power against his Majestie?
Alas we are vanquished: He makes his birth
To have descent from God, not smell of earth,
But of that Heavens great Father from above,
Nor vainly he boasts, but with great signes doth prove.
The lame do boldly tread, their crutches break,
Changes dumbe mutes to vowels, makes them speak.
Blind men do see, and seeing admire their sight,
Astonish't to see day after so long night.
The deaf have opened gates to lodge a voyce,
As wellcome guest: the Leper doth rejoyce
For body freed from plague of filthinesse.
Yea he can raise souls from their shady nests,
And into their deserted carcases
Cause them returne, lifes power to exercise.
VVhen he no more then boyish years did bear,
In midst of Doctors worthiest of the Chair,
He speaks, they hear his learned Mysteries.
* Oft did he weep for earths great miseries,

Laughter

* This suits with that speech of theirs: *If we let him thus alone, all men will believe in him.* *Joh.* 11.48.

* That is by raising from death to life and by dispossessing devills

* That christ never did augh was he opinion of the Ancients.

τοῦτο μὲν πολλάκις ἔστιν ἰδεῖν αὐτὸν δακρύοντα, γελῶν τὰ δεύδαμῦ *Chrysostom. Hom. 6 in Matthæum.*

Laughter none ever ſaw on his face reſt
VVnoſe modeſty never knew that ſmirking gueſt.
Seas humid walkes a Pavement he did tread
VVith dry-foot paces: and thereon did lead
From ſwallowing depths and ſurges, with's right hand
His ſervant ſinking to the loweſt ſand.
VVherefore ſuch workes confeſſe him to be God,
Nay they report Chriſt was a Virgins load,
Borne from no wombe but hers, that was a maid.
'Mongſt us below you do perceive what's ſaid,
VVhat great things bragg'd in our low priſoning vault,
* Our damned Captives do rejoycing talke
Of a great day is come ſhall ſet them free,
To leave theſe hated manſions, and to flee
Unto their own Country. VVhat ſtrange new rage
Is this? No remedy, on Tryalls-ſtage
This muſt be brought, by proof we muſt ſeek out,
VVhether he be God or Man, which is our doubt.
For if his life fall under mortalls fate,
To have an end, then the whole Queſtions ſtate
Facile and plain appears, ſeeing the heavenly Power,
Lord of *Olympus* knowes no dying hour,
Nor can be touch't by death. Hence ſundry cares,
And various thoughts our troubled breaſt ne'r ſpares
Within it ſelfe to bandie and toſſe about,
New Counſells and new Arts it ſeeketh out.
For this Jeſus, with a full-peopled rout,
Enters *Jeruſalem*, in triumphant ſhout,
Olives and Palmes fair branches they do bring,
(Emblems of victorie to a conquering King:)
Jeruſalems ſtones are clad with their beſt ſtore
Of garments, fair-weav'd coverings for a floore

Quem (viz. Chriſtum) *flevisse legimus, risisse non legimus.* Salvian de gub. D. *lib.* 6 *Et tamen τὸ γελάσιμον, affectu risus, ut fletus, hominis est propria.* Voſs. de orig. Idolol. *lib.* 3. *cap.* 45

* This vault is not Hell, but grave & death, the deliverance is reſurrection bychriſt. The devil is ſaid to have power over death. *Hebr.* 2.14. And chriſt is ſaid to have the Keyes of hell & death *Revel.* 1.18. *Videt ſcilicet diabolus, veritate incolumi, ſe incolumem esse, & ſua tueri non posse.* Apol. Eccleſ. Ang. per Fuellum.

Of ſtate and eaſe, for him to tread upon:
Elogiall hymnes they ſing as he goes on.
Now here is all my paines, laborious toile,
To turne all the Scribes minds, and to make boile
Princes and th' high-Prieſts hearts with furious rage,
And all the people in tumults to engage.
Let them crie guilt and death, and worthy he
To periſh, let his faithfull followers flee,
His troups of friends forſake him: let him be ſold
For monies price like beaſt: to enemies hold,
And hand be he delivered. Hence, away,
Be gone quick Spirits ſpeedily, I ſay,
With winged heeles. Thou, my * *Alecto* dear,
Scud hence with all activity appear,
Play thou thy ſpeciall wonted wildeſt parts,
Uſe all thy ſtrength, and all thy helliſh Arts.
Great glory will be thy guerdon, if thy witt
His death and ruine can contrive and fitt.
Wherefore go to, my daughter, with venomes clad,
Dreſt with the direfullſt poyſons earth e're had,
Gorgonean wares, and taking from thine head
The longeſt ſnakes, that in thy curles are ſpread,
With theſe infect the Scribes fell, viperous heart:
'Mongſt Phariſes fierceſt flames of hate impart,
Then let the high Prieſts hearts be Altars made,
Where envies fulleſt ſacrifice may be laid.
Iſcariots, traitorous ſoul give it a wound,
Under the love of gold and gain ſo bound,
As he all laws of loyalty, love may burſt,
To ſell his Maſter, make himſelfe accurſt.
So ſoon as this Arch-Devill had barked out,
From direfull throat, this bawling ſpeech, the rout

And

[*] This by our Chriſtian Doctors is much blamed, that any chriſtian ſhould Paganize in language, profeſſing he beleeves in Chriſt, and yet naming heathen Gods, as if he were of Ethnick profeſſion. As here before is named *Pluto*, *Cocytus*, and now *Alecto* and the furies with ſnakes and ſerpents after the creed of the Ethnicks

And Stygian troops with their lowd, rudeſt voice
Gnaſhing their teeth, each one made ſuch a noiſe,
As when the violent winds burſt through a rocke,
Cauſing an Earthquake with the impetuous ſhocke.
Or like that rumbling terror of the skies,
When thunder daunts the eares, lightning the eyes,
Breaking through hollow cloud. Such horrid ſound
Came from theſe haggs, whoſe curſt breaſts did abound
With fury and madneſſe, and in raving ſort
Run here and there, all o'r their Helliſh Court.
But the black daughter of *Night*, the Furie fell
Scoures through the Aire, and poaſteth out of Hell
Unto *Jeruſalem*, where in th' very gate
From her ſnakie locks ſhe caſts a ſerpent great,
Which the whole City preſently ſhould caſt
Into deep madneſſe. Then ſhe higheth faſt
Among the Scribes, and ſtirrs up the Prieſts hearts,
And in her bountie to each one imparts
A dreadfull Serpent, which with circling ſpire
Slides to their heart-ſtrings, where a poyſoning fire
Of wrath it kindles, and provokes their mind
To furious malice in the bittereſt kind.
Being thus ſeaſoned by theſe ſnaky elves,
They plott, they whiſper, and murmure in themſelves:
The elders call a Synod, which being done,
Their graveſt *Senior* thus his ſpeech begun.
Sirs, what a grievous horror vexeth us,
What's our beſt project worth that proſpereth thus?
He, he alas, that's nam'd Jeſus, I mean,
For all tongues that can ſpeak's the common theme.
He workes great ſignes and wonders, if he teach,
All people hearken and admire his ſpeech.

nicks. In this he forgets his Chriſtian Creed, and that Chriſt is Lord of heaven, Earth, Hell. *Salmaſius* in Ep. ad *Menagium*. So the great *Scaliger* blames *Bembus* the witt, for calling Jeſus Chriſt *Heroe*. *Valde me commovit ſane vox impia & utroq; indigna. Ne arguatur quiſquã Heroem e ſemiſſe Deum ex altero ſemiſſe homine. Non poſſunt monſtrorum figmenta vero Deo noſtro convenire.* Jul. Cæſ. *Scaliger* poeticeslib. 6. in Hypercritic

The wretched vulgar ſo his words receive,
As if ſome God divineſt Oracles gave.
T'is time for us to ſeek this to prevent,
Conſidering it may have a ſad event.
The Romans ſeeing ſo heady a ſchiſme will come,
Jo: 21. 38. Strip us of all our power, and take our Crowne,
Baniſh us our own land, ſend us away
Like wretched vagrants in ſtrange lands to ſtray.
Let this fear find a paſſage in your heart,
Even now this man by the *Plebeian* part
Honour'd, and favour'd to the Citie came,
With olive branches born by all his traine.
Take we a middle way, let's have him die,
Puniſht by death as for ſome villany.
He vexeth us not meanly, our grief 's ſo great,
Nought but his death can it well expiate.
With theſe and like counſells the Scribes endeavour'd,
Seeking Jeſus to death might be deliver'd.
Fierce *Gorgo* this firſt mad part having play'd,
That th' Elders and whole City in fury trade,
She ſhakes her filthy wings in a ſwift flight
Unto *Iſcariot*, whom ſhe doth a'greet
With many a curſed ſnake, which do embrace,
And chuſe his villanous heart their dwelling place.
Hence filthy avarice aſſaults his breaſt,
After a venome doth infect that neſt
Of treaſonous purpoſes, damned treacherie,
Ah moſt lymphatick ſoule, accurſed he
Lodgeth intents, his ſweet Lord to betray
To his blood-thirſting enemies a wiſht prey.
Now he begins with a foule tongue to blame
That worthy *Mary*, who anoints her fame

In her anointing Chriſt with Spikenard rare,
Of precious price. Then with a ſpeedy care
Poaſteth this diligent wretch to th' Elders gates,
And the Prieſts dwellings; he propounds his rates,
His treaſons hire, which they to him ſhall pay,
And for their gold his God he will betray.
He tells them by what ſignes his Lord to know,
Companions, wonted place all doth he ſhow.
A ſure token, ſaith he, *Ile-give you in this,*
Lay hands on him, where I lay lips to kiſſe.
O curſt inventer of ſo damn'd a plott,
The ſerpents heir for craft *Iſcariot,*
Whom ſuch an Hell-black ſinne moves not a whit,
Nor fear of fiery puniſhment due to it!
Mad ſoul what glance of hope makes thee to think,
Divine Juſtice at ſuch a crime can winke,
Diſmiſſing it unpuniſh't? Crying crimes,
And big-bon'd ſinnes could never gain long times
To life hid, unreveng'd. Ne'r a long age
Flagitious actors laught on their ſinns ſtage,
But Juſtice overtooke them. Time will be,
When as thy ſoul diſtraught with miſery,
And ſenſe of horrid guilt, hating the light,
Shall force thee cry: O ſtormes, O Tempeſts night,
Hurry and whirle me wretch into the Seas,
Toſſe me 'mongſt Syets or Sands, or any of theſe:
Throw me 'mongſt Rocks & Cragges, there let me fall
On the ſcarce viſible tops of mountaines tall,
Where nothing dwells but everlaſting Snow,
Where th' Heavens perpetuall froſts and Ice beſtow.
Or hurle me thither, where th' nigh Sunnes ſcorching
Torrifies th' earth, and yeilds no mortalls meat. (heat

In ſome ſuch un-dwelt clime, there let me dwell,
Where nought but venomes be, and poyſons fell.
Thus ſhalt thou roar and rage, at laſt thy faith,
Uncertain in all things but certain wrath,
Shall cauſe thee to deſpaire of Chriſts rich ſtore
Of mercy, and in pardons make him poor,
To eaſe which Hell of Conſcience thou ſhalt take
A Rope, which ſends thee to Hells hotter lake.
Now this unhappy *Judas* with a Rout,
And armed band of bloody men goes out.
Mean while in mind Jeſus revolveth ſtill
His fathers high decrees, and heavenly will,
Haſts forth, and over *Cedrons* brook doth paſſe.
There in a verdant field fair clad with graſſe
(Or rather a pleaſant garden) enters he,
Attended with no numerous company.
Here, as his frequent cuſtome was, did he
Poure out prayers to his father with bended knee.
When lo this band of armed wretches come,
In midſt of whom's the Captaine Traitors roome.
O bitter and cruell ſoldier, why, I ſay,
Marcheſt thou with ſuch violence for this prey?
This innocent Lambe will come unto thy hand,
Freely will offer himſelfe without command,
Or force, and with his neck on Altar laid,
Deſire he may a ſacrifice be made.
Jeſus perceiving theſe his enemies,
Armed with ſtaves and clubs for villanies,
Making towards him. He ſteps to them, and ſaith,
Whom ſeek you with theſe weapons threatening wrath?
They anſwer, *Jeſus, who from* Nazareth *came,*
Him do we ſeek. Chriſt anſwers, *here I am;*

He's brought as a Lambe to the ſlaughter, and as a ſheep before her ſhearers is dumbe, ſo he opened not his mouth. Eſay 53. 7. *Hic agnus non momordit: lanios.*

Here

Here am I whom you ſeek. And then again,
Whom ſeek you I pray? with which, as driven amain
By ſome ſtrong force, the ſoldiers backward fall
With *Judas* their chief leader, there they all
Lie on the earth, as men exanimate:
Falling, they yell out with * a crie ſo great,
As ſhakes both Heaven and Earth. Again Chriſt ſpeaks,
Who is it that this force and fury ſeeks?
Jeſus, they anſwer ſtill. why *I am here*,
Quoth he, *you need for me no weapons bear,*
Nor cruell bonds on one that's willing lay,
You need not drag or pinion, Ile go your way,
Not with a priſoners, but companions heart:
Only let theſe my friends ſafely depart
Scarce had the Lambe bleated theſe meek words out,
When all the Savage crew, and babarous rout
Strove whoſe right hands ſhould firſt him apprehend
And hold him ſtrongſieſt. And to that end
A cord about his neck they quickly caſt,
Whom, like a malefactour pinion'd faſt,
Unto the Citie they lead. This cruell part
Digeſted could not be in *Peter's* heart,
Though grown in age, his ſmall ſtrength he will prove,
And for his Maſter ſhew valour and love.
Amids the band he flings with brandiſht blade.
His firſt aſſault one *Malchus* did invade,
Whoſe throat for ſheath unto his ſword he meant,
But ſlipping *Peter* miſſed his intent,
So as his ſword made *Malchus* taſte no worſe,
Then of 's right ear from head a ſharpe divorce.
Jeſus, this ſeeing, *ſaith, put up thy ſword,*
Thou need'ſt not ſwagger and fight thus for thy Lord:

* This is poeticall & extra ſcripturall.

Peter, *what meanes this rage? knowest thou not,*
If I desired helpe, I could have gott
Thousands of Angels, a whole legions aid,
Even by one prayer unto my Father made?
But his paternall will I will obey,
Away with these revenging lusts, I say.
This said, that hand of love lifts from his fall
Malchus, in his own blood bestained all,
Taking that ear, which the sharpe sword had shred,
With divine cement rejoynes it to the head.
For all this the rude Rabble Jesus draw,
Haling him on against all civill Law.
Fast bound to th' high priest *Annas* is he led,
Hands pinion'd to his back. Ah wofull deed!
With thouts and cries they passe, and as they goe,
Derisions severall Arts they fully show.
Peter still griev'd, to see his Master deare
Thus shamefully abus'd, with mourning cheere
He followes him, and trembling he goes on,
Accompanied with holy and faithfull *John*,
But far behind the crowd he keeps. The Jewes
At length into the bloody Rulers house
Bring their bleft Captive, setting him before
The Tyrants face. The *man that kept the door,
Being of *John's* acquaintance let him in,
And for his sake *Peter* doth entrance winne.
To whom entring the Porter thus began,
Sir, were not you a follower of this man.
Fear makes the answer negative, *no, not I.*
The North wind blew full cold a fire was nigh
For that sharpe season, there the servants stand
Around the fire, *Peter* puts in a hand

* *John* 18.17. It is said it was a damsel that kept the door.

Amongst

Among the reſt for benefit of the fire,
Mean while the high Prieſt, on a ſeat much higher
Then th' reſt, to Jeſus ſtraight this Queſtion made;
What doctrine haſt thou taught? who boldly ſaid,
I never in corners did my doctrine vent,
But publiquely unto the Temple went,
And in the Synagogues, there did I preach,
Where your own people know what I did teach.
Openly in the world I all things ſaid,
No ſecret corner Conventicles I made,
Aske not me what I taught, do thou demand
Of theſe my doctrine who before thee ſtand:
Full oft have they heard me when I did teach
With that an Officer his hand did reach,
With full-charg'd blow upon Chriſt's bleſſed face,
Crying, *dar'ſt thou ſo boldly, in this place,*
Anſwer th' high-Prieſt and his preſence deride?
To whom the meekeſt Lambe humbly replyed:
If ought unſeemly, or evill have falne from me,
Witneſſe, if truth I ſpeak, why ſmit'ſt thou me?
This done the Ruler bids them carry Chriſt
Away, faſt bound to *Caiaphas* the Prieſt.
This *Caiaphas*, though from lewd mouth and heart,
Had now unwitting acted Prophets part,
Speaking this truth: *'Tis needfull one ſhould dye,*
To ſave the people from their miſery:
As high prieſt that ſame year God this power gave,
Some little ſmack of prophecy to have.
About the fire whiles *Peter* with the reſt
Growes warme, one of them thus him ſhrewdly preſt.
Was not this man arraign'd thy Maſter? who,
Unhappy *Simon* did ſtraight anſwer, *No.*

With trembling lips he ſpake. Dar'ſt thou deny,
Quoth one of *Malchus* couſins, did not my eye
Behold this face of thine? Did not I ſee
Thee in the Garden with him? with bannings he,
With oaths and imprecations ſtill denies,
Till preſently the Cocke did preach he lies,
And with his crowing warnes him of his crime:
Jeſus before had told him of this ſigne.
Aurora, now from ſaffron-ſtained bed
Roſe in the Eaſt, with *Phoſphor* charioted,
And with *Aurora* roſe this wicked crew,
Who meekeſt Jeſus to th' high Pallace drew
With houting clamours. *Caiaphas* was bent
Devoutly to the *Paſchall* Sacrament,
After the Jewiſh holy rites, therefore
He would not now enter within the doore
Of Judgment Hall, leſt thereby he ſhould ſoile
The devout ceremonies, or the crew ſhould ſpoile
His feſtivall Rites, where offerings ſhould be made
By heart vacant of buſineſſe, quiet, ſtay'd.
Hereupon *Pilate* coming forth demands,
What this diſorderd crew ſeeke at his hands?
What hainous crimes they charge upon this man?
The Sacrilegious rout thus proudly than
Made anſwer: Pilate, *'tis none of our guiſe,*
To uſe an Innocent in this guilt-full wiſe:
We do not uſe before the ſeat of Judgment,
To bring any unworthy of puniſhment.
Take you the man ſaith Pilate, *weigh his cauſe,*
Judge him your ſelves according to your Lawes.
Then thunders out their furie, *'tis not we*
Can Judge to death who want authoritie.

Commodùm punicantibus phaleris Aurora roſeum quatiens lacertum, cælum inequitabat. Apuleius *Metamorph.* lib. 3.

O

O vileſt Nation, whoſe hearts deviſe
Such cruelty on him to exerciſe,
As if he were indeed ſome heir of ſhame,
Worthy to die as the worlds fouleſt ſtaine.
Into the Judgement Hall then *Pilate* goes,
Jeſus is thither led, where the Judge throwes
This impious queſtion 'gainſt this holy one.
Tell me, art thou King of the Jewes alone?
Which Jeſus anſwers thus, *from thine own wit*
Say'ſt thou this, or did others tell thee it?
Then *Pilate* ſaith, *I am not of Jewes ſeed,*
The Prieſts and thine own people do proceed
Againſt thee, and require that Juſtice give
Thee thy reward, as one unfit to live.
Now ſpeak what is thy crime, which death muſt purge,
What thy ſoul-ſtaining fact, which they thus urge?
To this replyes the Lambe, *My Kingly Throne*
Is not below built up with wood or ſtone.
If my Kingdome did ſtand in worldly power,
Then from well-fenced Citadell, high-reard Tower
Should my ſervants be ſeen contending all,
In Maſters cauſe to be moſt Martiall:
Nor would they ſpare their lives, but kiſſe the grave,
From this crewes hatefull hands my life to ſave.
But my Kingdome is ſpun of better thred,
Nor doth my Glory th' worlds baſe glory need.
Pilate replies, *why then a King thou art.*
To which the Lambe, *yea that's my Royall part,*
A Kingly Scepter I do bear and ſway,
To which all warres, worlds, kingdomes muſt obey.
For this end from dark grott of mothers wombe.
Into this lightſome world now am I come,

This is that ſpeech of *Pilates*; which is not well underſtood by moſt *Joh:* 18. 25. *Pilate* anſwers *Am I a Jew?* As if he ſaid *do not talk to me of your Jewiſh religion and opinions about your Meſſias, and his kingdome, for I am no Jew, and heed none of theſe matters. I ſit here to give ſentence as a Judge, I heed not your matters of religion and diſputes.*

Truths author and witnesse, it to testifie
To all that love and like Heavens veritie.
Each worthy soul unto my Truth gives ear.
A goodly Truth it seemes, I pray let's hear,
Quoth scornfull *Pilat*, what this Truth might be,
Seing God trusts thee alone with Veritie.
This spirit of derision having said,
Or rather belch't this scoffe, no longer he stay'd,
But goes out to the Jewes and tells them plain,
Why call you this snow black? why do you blame
This Innocent, Righteous man? I find no cause,
Why I should punish, he perish by our Lawes.
Better Ile you advise, you have an use,
A yearly * custome from prison to let loose
At passeover some Captive that is chain'd
(Recording thus how you were once detain'd
In Ægypts thrall, and at this time set free)
My Counsel's this, if it please you follow me.
Keep this your custome, this same King of Jewes
Shall taste your mercie I will let him loose.
With that the beastly drove bellow amain,
† Barabbas shall be loos'd, and this man slaine.
Now *Barabbas* was a * villain, whom blackest coale
Had marked out for a notorious soul:

Seditions

*A custome this was the Jewes had taken up among themselves. before the Judaick scepter was translated into the Roman hands. *Gerhard*, in *Harmon. ad pass. Christi*, cap. 11. *Non reprehendimus, ô Judæi, quod per paschalia liberatis nocentem, sed quod occiditis innocentē.* Aug. 115. tract: in Johann.

Better was the Symbol of that blessed, converted Jew, *Immanuel Tremelius*, *Let Christ live, and* Barabbas *perish.*

† They cloathed themselves in this with the double abomination, and curse that *Salomon* mentions. *He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just: even they both are abomination to the Lord.* Prov. 17. 15. This is contrary to the Arabick just Adage. *Est unicuiq; libra.* Be a right ballance to every man.

* A notable prisoner saith *Math:* 27. 16. *Notable for villany*, as the Saxon Gospell reads it, *anne strangne theof man:* that is, *a strong thiefe.*

Seditions fire and tinder, and what's worſe,
Had drawne upon his Conſcience murders curſe.
"Yet this wretch is ſo good, he muſt go free,
"Chriſts fauls is greater manifeſt Innocencie.
Pilate, perceiving what way the vulgars heart
Wholly inclin'd, beginnes his bloody part.
He cauſeth him be bound with cords and bands,
Then gives him up into the Bedles hands,
Whoſe knotted whips and ſcourges ſo fetch bloud,
As his bleſt back and ſides are made a floud.
Beſides the ſoldiers, poyſoned with this ſting
Of ſavage minds, to make him miſeries King,
"Platt him a Crown, wherein (inſtead of Roſe,
"With golden lilies by Artiſts wrought in rowes)
"No flowers are wrought but ſcorne, pain, crueltie,
"Theſe round about the Crown enameled be.
The mettall of the Crown was pricking thorne,
Which did his ſoul torment, not's head adorne.
* Upon his holy head this Crowne they place,
Which cauſes bloud run down a ſtreaming race.
Mean while he ſighes, Alas, our wrethed King
Hangs down his head, whiles they thus torture him.
A ſtaffe of reed beſides this Crown they gave,
Leſt this poor Prince ſhould not a Scepter have:
Yea for to make his grief and miſery more,
They pour upon him all their *ſcorning ſtore.

*Thus at *Alexandria* of old they jeered *Agrippa*, by taking a light witted and halfe mad man *Carabas*, put a Diadem of paper upon his head, cloathed him with a mantle of mattworke inſtead of a Kingly robe and for a Scepter put a reed in his hand: young men with long poles on their ſhoulders compaſſed him for his royal guard, and all about called him with a loud voice *Marim*, in Syrian tongue ſignifying *Lord* & *Ruler*. Thus they mocked the Jewes, and *Agrippa* their friend. *Philo Jud.* lib. *in Flaccum*. God thus returned their cruell mockings in the ſame kind upon their own heads ſome 5 or 6 years after Chriſts death in the reigne of *Caius Caligula*.

* *Hei mihi quod nunquam damnis ludibria deſunt.*

Arayed like a King he shall be straight,
With Robes they deck him, the colours purple, & white,
A Glasse for him and them, in which we see
Their purple cruelty, his white innocency.
Thus having fooled with heavens wisdome high,
At the meek lambe, they giggle, jeer, blear-tongue, cry:
God save you Sir the Jewes most goodly King:
How like a Prince? God save this Royall Thing.
Nor in their scorne alone his grief consists,
Like bad Subjects, they buffet him with fists.
And that sweet face, which 't happinesse were to kisse,
By rudest hands and knuckles pummelled is.
Out again *Pilate* goes to the vile Rout,
Utters his mind, *Sirs I cannot find out,*
With all my skill and industrie a stain
In this just man, against whom you complain.
Then Jesus goeth out as he was drest
With Crown of thornes, their mock-King, & their jest,
Clothed in h's white aray, and as he went,
His humble eyes towards the earth were bent.
Whom when th' High-Priests, and furious Officers
Beheld, no sparke of pity in bowells stirrs,
But with united voyce give out and crie,
Crucifie him, ô this wretch crucifie.
Pontius replieth, *if he needs must die,*
Take him, with your own hands him crucifie:
Your unjust hands on this just man shall lie,
For I in him find no iniquity.
Then cry the clamorous Jews, *We have a Law,*
Which will lay hold on him with deadly paw:
A *Law which censures* * *Blasphemy with death.*
Now he blasphemingly proclaims, and saith,

*Sæpe scelus cœli velamine texit, Religio velũ est quod tegit omne scelus.

That

That of Immortall ſeed he ſprung and grew,
No man his father, only God moſt true.
When this ſaying had pierc't the Rulers ear,
It pierc'd his heart, which then began to fear.
Poſſeſt with fear into the judgement Hall
He comes, enquires; *Friend thine originall,*
Declare what is it? whence, for thy Family,
And Fathers Tribe, ſpringeth thy pedigree?
Silence is all the anſwer Jeſus gave.
Pilate then ſpeaks, *Muſt we your Rulers crave.*
And beg your anſwer? Speak'ſt thou not to me?
Know'ſt thou not what's my power and dignity;
That if I pleaſe it lies in me to give
Sentence to crucifie, or let thee live?
To this that lambe of meekneſſe ſoftly ſaith,
What ever power thou haſt, or any hath,
It cometh from above, and was firſt given
By him, whoſe Foot-ſtool's Earth, whoſe Throne is Heaven.
That I am in thy power, Heavens power gave thee,
without whoſe power, thou ſhould'ſt be poor with me.
While thus his innocent part Jeſus doth act,
Pilate is mov'd to mitigate the fact,
Earneſtly ſeeking if he may t' aſſwage
That moſt tempeſtuous Sea, the peoples rage.
But all in vain, for madneſſe wants an ear.
Juſt as we ſee a mans great pains and care
Is all but loſt, who ſeeks to fence a banke,
Againſt a rebell ſtream: or build a flanke,
To turne the impetuous current of a floud
To chooſe new way, and leave the common road.
Compil'd together with many boughes, ſtakes, clod,
Which many a hundred foot hath preſt and trod

May he gather a maſſe: yet when all's done,
Through this materiall mount wild ſtreams will run.
Great ſtormie ſhowers, together with the wave,
Conſpire to tear the work, and paſſage have.
Even ſuch ſucceſſe hath *Pilate*'s admonitions,
The raging vulgar ſleight his propoſitions,
Diſperſe his words as windes, and leave them fair
Committed to the void and open ayre.
Unto all which their fury anſwersthus,
Giving to *Pilate* this as over-plus:
Beware how thou attempt'ſt to ſet him free,
This act ſhall thee proclaime an enemy
To Ceſar's *Crown & Throne. For who ſo Name,*
And Title of King will ſeek, that man doth aime
T' infringe the glory & power of Ceſar's *Throne.*
'Mongſt arguments, this was a powerfull one,
To rule the Ruler. Then he brings Chriſt out,
All foyl'd in blood before this Bedlam-rout.
*There is a place before the Judgement-Hall,
Which the Jews *Gabbatha*, the Grecians call
Lithoſtraton, becauſe it is a Pavement:
It ſeems of old here was the ſeat of Judgement.
Here did the Ruler, in midſt of peoples cries,
Take up his ſeat, and ſpeaketh on this wiſe,
Behold your King. Then fury quickly had
Provok't them all to cry as they were mad:
Our King, away with him to croſſe and curſe,
Let him be crucified, or what is worſe.
Ruler replies, *what ſhall I crucifie*
Your Lord & King? Then anſwered preſently
The curſt chief Prieſts, *Of Kings we know but one,*
Whom we call King, great Ceſar, *Lord alone,*

* The Tribunal, a place raiſed up very high before the houſe of *Pilat*, where the Roman Preſidents uſed to give ſentence in Judgment. *Adrichom.* in Theate. Ter. San. in deſcript. Hieroſ.

That Cesar *is our King, and none but he,*
To whom allmost the whole world bowes the knee.
Pilate perceiving nothing would appease,
Nor calme their hearts more lunatick then the Seas,
Forc'd by unceſſant cries, to Butchers hand
He yields this ſweeteſt lambe. Theſe wolves that ſtand
Gaping with bitter geſtures, cruell Jawes,
Have him deliverd to their teeths bloudie lawes.
Now with mad chearfulneſſe they all rejoyce
To ruſh upon him, with execrable voyce,
And belluine cries they make the aire reſound,
Much like the †Armenian Lyon having found
A ſought for prey, ſome ſtragling fearfull Hinde,
When hunger and crueity both enrage his mind.
Then ſkips and runs with wanton joy this beaſt,
As if he ſtruck up muſick to his feaſt:
Leaps on his wretched, quaking, trembling prey.
So ſportingly theſe men-beaſts led away
This innocent Jeſus to mount *Calvarie*,
Where on the earth they cauſe him proſtrate lie,
(O horrid act) while that his bleſſed hand,
Both right and left, ſharpe goaring nailes command.
Nor only hands, but feet withall are faſt
Bored and fixed to a curſed poſt. That paſt,
O woe, o pities ſpectacle, thus fixt,
His Croſſe two wretched ſlaves and thieves betwixt
Is reared up, as if this bleſſed one
Was rudeſt Rogues, Rake-hells companion.
And as on ſaddeſt Sepulcher is writ
A ſpeaking Title, for them that paſſe by it,
So on the Croſſes front did *Pilate* write
An Inſcription, by which ſpectators might

† *Oppianus initio 3. de venatione laudat Armenios, Arabicos, Libycos & Æthiopicos Leones.*

* *Chriſtus paſſus eſt pro injuſtis, ab injuſtis, cum injuſtis.* Gerh. *Aphor. ſac.*

Know on which Tree Christ hung, if they peruſe
The noted Table, which run thus, *King of Jewes*
Jeſus of Nazareth loe hangeth here.
Many, unto whoſe eyes this did appear,
Reproved *Pilate*, ſaying, *why did'ſt thou write,*
Him King of Jewes ? *herein thou doeſt not right.*
Rather let it be writt, This man did ſay
That he was King of Jewes *Pilate* ſaid, *nay:*
What I have writ, it ſhall be writ for ever,
Nor will I blot or change firſt hands endeavour.
Thus on the Croſſe the juſt One and the pure,
With armes largely ſpread out, did ſhame endure.
After this tearing of his fleſh, the crew
Of cruell ones, whoſe furie's unfated, flew
Upon his Garments, which they rend and tear
With rudely ſnatching hands. Four of them bear
Each one a part away. Thus vengefull ire
Prompts on their hearts, the hearths of hatreds fire.
*A Coat there was beſide, which had no ſeam,
Curiouſly wrought and woven, as moſt deem,
By skilfull hands of his bleſt mother, done
Of purpoſe for to fit and cloath her ſonne.
For thisthe Soldiers mutually agree,
Diviſion ſhall not touch 't, but it ſhall be
His whole, to whom the fatall Lotterie
Shall yield moſt favour for proprietie.
Have you not ſeen that fierce blood-dieted beaſt
The Wolfe, when timerous ſheep, his throat to feaſt,
His teeth have butcher'd, when his maw hath drown'd
The trembling prey, whoſe bleating prayer did ſound
Cries for ſome helpe, but all in vain: the fleece
Then do you ſee in many a thouſand piece.

And

* ὁ δὲ χιτὼν αὐτῆς ἄρραφος, &c. *Quis veſtis illius vilitatem ignorat? ut qua Galilæorum pauperis utantur apud quos etiam maximè hujuſmodi veſtis genus fieri ſolet, arte quadam, pectoralia, retractim conſutum* Iſid. Peluſiot. *lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 74.

(And all with purple ſtain'd in its own blood)
Dilacerate and torne, all ſpread abroad,
Carried a thouſand ſeverall wayes with winde,
Toſt here and there the diſperſt parts you finde.
Full like to this ſhall be your heavy doome,
O Impious Nation: the time will come
Which you expect not, when theſe ſpoiles, your prey
Of this bleſt one, (your curſed murderous day)
You and your ſonnes, children poſteritie
Curſt to the extent, ſhall hate, and horribly
Quake to record; and like that ſcattered wooll,
*As wretched wanderers driven by the full
And ſtrong wind of Heavens wrath ſhall flie here, there
Over th' whole world abhorred every where.
"People ſhall flie from you, count you ſo evill,
"As if a Jew were next ſtep to a Devill.
Aſſociates none, no certain dwelling place,
Reſtleſſe and hopeleſſe, favour'd by no face.
At this ſad Tragedie there preſent ſtood
The beſt, bleſt mother of Chriſt, a ſonne moſt good.

*De Judæorum inſtabili ſtatu: Diſperſi & palabundi & cœli & ſoli ſui extorres vagantur per orbem ſine homine, ſine Deo rege, quibus nec advenarũ jure terrã patriã ſaltem veſtigio ſalutare conceditur. Tertull: Apologet: Similiter Cyprian de Idolor: vanitate.

Quid merare Titus *docuit, docuêre rapinis Pompeianæ acies, quibus extirpata per omnes Terrarum, pelagiq; plagas tua membra feruntur. Exilis vagus huc illuc fluitantibus erras Judæus,* &c. Prudentius *adverſ. Judæos* in Apotheoſ.

*There ſtood ſhe attended with a full feminine traine,
Where ſhe acts paſſion in a paſſing ſtraine
Of deep-accented griefe, tearing her haire,
Beating that precious boxe her breaſt ſo faire
"With fiſts, nor innocent garments her griefe ſpares
"With rendings they muſt mourn, 'cauſe they want
Whom when from his ſhames ſcaffold Chriſt doth (tears
And his beloved John ſtanding hard by (eye,

*Nunc materno moveris affectu, & thalamũ humanitatis tuæ cubiculario dilecto commendas Cyprianus, ſen

Both her and him he thus beſpeaks: *Behold,*
O woman ther's thy ſonne, receive and hold
Him dear as thine own child. And then to *John,*
Behold thy Mother there, as a kind ſonne
Cheriſh and comfort her that ſhe may approve
Thy care, thy faithfulneſſe, and thy filiall love.
No more then this came from his fainting breaſt,
Which when his mother heard, her ſoul was preſt
With weight of greateſt grief, to hear the voyce
Of her dear ſonne, who was freſh ſpring of joyes
Of earſt unto her: now loaden with her plaints,
Her knees both bow and fail, ſhe falling faints:
There laid on earth begins afreſh her moan,
Which tears and ſighs compoſe to dolefull tone.
Then runnes St. *John* to help his ſwouning mother,
His kind armes lift her up, whoſe words no other
Then ſweeteſt ſyllables of honied ſpeech,
Her peace her comfort he doth much beſeech.
Jeſus now caſting in his divine heart,
That whatſoever the Lawes and prophets Art,
Scriptures, predictions had of him fore-writt,
Was all accompliſht now, fully compleat,
He then cry'd out exceedingly, *I Thirſt,*
('Twas thy Salvations Thirſt. o people accurſt.)
Then run theſe dogs of rancour here and there,
Rapt all in haſt, full buſied to prepare
And brew ſome cruell liquours, ſome gallie drink,
Which may make former paines ſwell o'r the brink.

ſeu potius alius Author in l.b: *de Card. Chriſti operib: cap: de paſs.*

Of the Virgins lipothymie and ſwouning, we know nothing frō the Scriptures; and we believe thoſe things may be ſaid Poetically, Rhetorically, and Hyperbolically, & when we know it Scripturally we ſhall ſay ſo too. *Nazianzen* in his Poeticall draught of *Chriſtus patiens,* muſt needs

* They make her all amort and aſtoniſht, till *John* alleviate and comfort her. We know ſorrow like a ſword did paſs through her ſoul, *Luke* 2. 35. And that as a Mother ſhe was full of naturall affection to a Sonne, but as a ſtrong Believer, her faith comforted and kept her within bounds of ſobrietie both of *Reaſon* and *Religion,* to bridle her paſſion. *See* Maldonate *and ſeverall opinions concerning her ſorrow, on* Luke 2. 35.

*They take much hyſop which they quickly bruiſe.
Whoſe bitter untoothſome juyce they ſtrongly infuſe
Into the tarteſt, ſharpeſt vineger:
The harſh ingredients, thus mixt together,
Do make a wofull draught; then to abuſe
Jeſus, they offer it him, he doth refuſe
To drinnk it, having taſted by a Sup,
There was more ſcorne then vineger in that cup.
After which ſtraight he cry'd, *All's Finiſhed:*
And with that voyce finiſht his life. His head
Bow'd down on breaſt, his quickening ſoul now left
His bodie of vitall powers and health bereft.
The Jewes, whoſe holy Sabbath now drew neer,
A venerable day and high, which they revere,
Pilate petition, there may be quickly done
The Rites of Death and Execution,
Fractions of malefactors legs, that they,
Then taken down, * may not pollute the day.
This granted, Soldiers haſt to worke the feat,
Straight the thieves legs they break, which done they
Treating conclude, Chriſts legs ſhall ſo be bruiſd (treat,
And the bones cruſht. But having him peruſ'd:
Marking how life had left him ſtiffe and dead
They ſee, to break his thighes there is no need.
So divine Oracles were fulfil'd, that ſpoke
Not one bone of this Lambe ſhould e'r be broke.
Now did a violent ſoldier with a ſpeare
Broach the bleſt ſide of Jeſus very near
Unto that heart of Loves, which op'd a gate.
Whence run a liquour of moſt coſtly rate.
"Water and Bloud. [O bath my ſoul therein,
"'Twould heal me of all wounds and every ſinne.]

*An error is here in our Poet, he minds not his copie of the Goſpels hiſtorie, which doth not name the juyce of hyſop, but that the drinke was reached jup by an hyſop, that is a ſtalk of hyſop *Joh:* 19. 29. In *Matthew* & *Marke* it is called a reed

*They ſtrain at a gnat, the ceremoniall pollution of the day, but ſwallow the Camell, *A curſed guilt upon their ſouls by Chriſt's innocent bloud. Deu:* 21. 22. See Commentators reaſons for taking down thoſe are hanged. *A Lapide* in *Deut:* 21. *Erat lex Judicialis, non moralis. John* 19. 32, 33, & 36.

Amazement daunts Spectators all, whiles they
See this and wonder. *The Soldiers heart gave way
To melt, and to admire, begging his guilt
Might meet a pardon for the bloud he spilt.
All this thus acted in this fearfull wise,
A noble Counsellour, rich, potent, wise,
Joseph of *Arimath* doth boldly goe
To *Pilate*, praying him he would bestow
The corpes of this dead *Jesus*: he gives leave.
Joseph with gladsome heart did him receive,
Takes him from Crosse, with honourable expence
His Funerall Rites this Noble did dispense.
With him joyn'd *Nicodemus* in the work,
Christ's Saint, though secretly that faith did lurke.
Over Christ's corpse lament this Holy Paire,
They wash his wounds, and with all decent care
Set out their holy Masters Obsequies,
Offering his flesh a thousand sugred kisses.
Others with them do curious linnen bring,
In which they fold him up. Each fragrant thing
Of *Balmes*, *Myrrhe*, *Aloes* bounteously they gave,
Ancient anointing rites due to the grave.
In which perfumes, and mortals furniture
Thus drest, they leave him to his Sepulture.
Now will I let down sailes, and anchor cast,
On Shoares for Seas my barke shall rest at last.

Lebei Onomastic. He is called *Longinus*, but it is in an Apocryphall schede, *Nicodemus* his Gospell. So of old divers did deliver that the Soldier was converted, & proved a Christian, and they have made him a Saint, to wit St. *Longinus*: and well have they given him that name from λογχη his spear, which is made his Godfather. we should believe soon if they had told us of the Saint Centurion. But we believe Scripture more then Legends.

FINIS.

SOME

Of the Translatours *Respirationes subcesivæ*, which point towards this Subject, *Christ* and his *Mercie*

Cum damnatus eram, mihi Christi in sanguine λύτρον — 1 Tim. 2. 6.
Fœdus eram, mihi Christe tuo fit sanguine λύτρον — Tit. 5. 3.

Serpens & Lignum clauſ- / freg- erunt oſtia cœli; averni. — Geneſ. 3. Johan. 3. 14, 15.

Epitome Evangelii & vitæ Chriſti.

Quem nobis voluit divina potentia natum:
Quem natum ſua fecerunt miracula notum:
Quemq; cruci notum voluit plebs conſcia fixum:
Quemq; crucifixum voluit pia turba ſepultum:
Hunc natum, notum, fixum, terrâq; ſepultum
Sustulit ad ſummum divina potentia cœlum.

A brief ſum of the Goſpell and life of Chriſt, tranſlated.

WHom to be Borne fot us Gods power ordain'd,
Whom Born his Miracles made Known, & fam'd
Whom Known curſt Jewes moſt cruelly crucifi'd,
Whom Crucifi'd ſome pious ones Buried:
This Born, this Known, this Crucifi'd, BuriedOne,
The Divine Power Rais'd to Heavens higheſt Throne.

Of Love to anſwer Chriſt's Love.

O Chriſt my God thou allwayes loveſt me,
And allwayes wilt'ſt love. I likewiſe thy Name
Do, and will allwayes Love: So ſhould it be,
Thy conſtant Love deſerves my Love again.
(*This rare Exchange my Royall gaines will prove,*)
Great Love's a meet reward of greateſt Love.

Cant.

Cantic. 1.1. *O let him kisse me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy Love is better then Wine.*

MUch did I seek who would these my lips kisse.
Whiles my poor Soules sweet Groom I long did miss.
I beg'd of Heaven a Kisse, Heaven Kisses gave,
My lips unsatisfy'd still more Kisses crave.
I beg'd of Earth a Kisse, Earth gave me one,
But ô as rough as from a rugged stone.
Farewell Heaven, Earth, my Christ shall give me Kisses,
O could I find as many mouthes as wishes.
His Love, his Lips then Heaven and Earth, far more
Do give content, and make the Soul run o'r.
Might these Life-breathing Kisses ever dwell
Vpon my Lips, then give me Heaven or Hell:
These satisfie more, and fullier give content,
Then Heaven besides can Blesse, or Hell torment.
Delicious Wines, unto my Saviours Love
Compar'd, as Gallie and Wormwood waters prove.
Happie that Soul is oft drunk with the VVine.
Press'd from his Grapes, who said, *I am the Vine.*
The Sobereſt Soules are the most Drunk with this:
The chasteſt Soules with him most Cull and Kisse.

Lord often sett abroach those Lips of thine,
And let thy Kisses poure flagons of Wime.

Upon Christ washing the feet of Judas, John 13.

EArth's full of wonders, here's a wonderous sight,
Blest Jesus Stoupes to wash curst Devils feet.
He washed Judas's feet, who was so evill,
As he himselfe did say, he was a Devill.
This Act's a Riddle; who can it espie,
Whe her Loves more Dear, or Deep Humilitie.

Upon Judas *kissing Christ.*

WHo ever saw such Gall and Honie meet
This perfect bitter, this as fully sweet.

Behold

Behold and wonder, Heaven and Hell do kiſſe.
Heaven is no worſe, no better Hell by this.
Me thinkes, if Satan ſucked that ſweet breath,
It ſhould upraiſe him from Eternall Death,
Some few degrees at leaſt. But thou the ſame,
Not whited with that Snow: that Heavenly Flame
Warmed thee not at all: from Chriſt's bleſt lips
No ſanctifying into a Traitour ſlips.
Even at that time. thou didſt embrace another,
And hang on Satans boſome like a Brother.
Chriſt Loves not kiſſing lips, where kiſſing Heart,
And int'mate Soul ſtudies hypocrites black Art.
O Love ne'r better acted, our bleſt Saviour
Admits to his Lips a Trait'rous curſt deceiver.
O Treaſon, never any thy black part
Could act without Iſcariots lips, or heart.
When *Judas* Jeſus kiſſes, who can well
His Creed diſcredit of Chriſt's Deſcent to Hell?

Judas Iſcariotes, *Anagramma.*
Si Jeſu, Roſa, cadit.

PErfide quum Jeſum prêndiſti proditor horto,
Formoſam cæli carpſeris ipſe Roſam.
At crucis ad poſtem quum fixus Chriſtus adhæſit,
Terra, polus clamant, Ignis & æther, aquæ,
Si Jeſu moreris, Roſa Cæli, Floſcule mundi,
Heu cadis. Ah Judas *ad nigra regna cadis!*
Dixerunt cælis, qua Chriſtus mortuus hora,
Seraphicæ gentes; Cur Roſa noſtra cadit?
Dixêre in terris quos non merſêre maligni
Brútales ſenſus, heu Roſa pulchra cadis:
Dixerunt Gentes, convicti & cordis Hebræi,
Hic Deus eſt moriens, vel Roſa nata Deo.
Dixit, & in gemitu ingeminat pia Virgo Maria,
Sicne mei ventris, ſic Roſa Dia cadis?
Dixerunt Rupes lacerato pectore, Phœbus
Velatus facie, heu Lux, Roſa noſtra cadis?

Dixe-

Dixerunt Verbi divini Oracula J'hovæ,
Verum, Vita, Via &, Sol, Rosa, Petra cadit.
Dixerunt Erebi populus, Satanasq; triumphans,
Ecce orbis Christus Spes, Rosa summa cadit.
Infælix Juda Lolium, quod messuit Orcus,
Et Saatnæ pro hortis tu Rosa digna cadis.
Tu mi Christe vires, non marescente virebis
Flore Dei in dextra sæculum in omne Rosa.
Sic cadis, ut gremio Patris floresciis in ævum.
Christe Rosis cæli me tua dextra leet:
Teq; cadente cadam, tecum surgente resurgam,
Adq; Dei nares sim Rosa suaveolens.

upon Judas Iscariot *hanging himselfe.*

A mixture of hypocrisie and blood,
Perditions eldest Sonne, the Serpents brood,
Where Heavens Discipleship, Hells Treacherie mett,
Of fooles the Frantick'st that e'r earth knew yet,
(Oh name no more) he hangs upon this Tree,
Whom Heaven, Earth, Hell (almost) do blush to see.
This is the man, beast rather, merchant mad,
Who sold the Pearle, which life eternall had
For all who knew it. But what price did passe
For such a Treasure? Ah none sells his Asse
So cheape as he his Saviour: for small pay
Of thirty pence he makes his God away.
Ah, what a nest of Serpents in his brest
This cursed Act did breed? Hell's hot unrest
Now dwells within that guiltfull conscience,
He hates the price of blood, abhorres the pence,
Abhorres himselfe, and doth the prologue make
(Hanging himselfe) unto the Infernall Lake.
Confession was his name, he did confesse
His horrid treason. More, he did expresse
Repentances contrition; a curst grace
Of Satans, when it sees no hope, no face
Of Heavens indulgence, but with black despaire
Gives up the Soul to Spirits of the Aire.

But

But Traitour art thou Popiſh in this action,
Hanging thy ſelfe to make a ſatisfaction
For his death, whom thy Treaſon hang'd? Ah no,
The worth of him, and leaſt blood drop did flow
From h's ſacred ſide ten thouſand worlds ſurpaſſe
Of Men or Angells worth, or what e'r was.
How art thou curſed in Chriſt's bloud, by which
In bleſſings we, and bleſſedneſſe grow rich?
How curſed thine, how bleſſed was his tree?
How did'ſt thou break in midſt, that all might ſee
Such bowells, as to which flints ſoft appear,
And direfull Dragons might borrow poyſon here?
Ah what a Riddle by thy death is known,
That ſuch ſtrange plants unto the world are ſhown?
What Tree is that, the baſeſt eye can ſee,
Which bears for fruit Heaven and Felicitie?
'Tis thine ô *Jeſus*, from thy baſe, bleſt Tree
Drop leaves and fruit of Immortalitie.
What Tree is that, which never bore ſo well,
As when the fruit thereof drop't into Hell?
'Tis thine ô *Judas*, thy unhappy Tree,
Thy ſelfe the fruit; thy ripeneſſe miſery.
Onely thy gains is this: would any taint
His ſoul with treachery? Thou Hells chief Saint,
Curſt Treaſons patron, and vile pattern art,
For all that would re-act ſo baſe a part.

Chriſt's Complaint.

A Vine I was, none my ſweet Grapes would pluck;
A Spring, yet none my living waters ſuck.
A Tree was I, none did affect my ſhade.
A Guide I was, none after me would tread.
A Sunne I, though my light doth none delight.
A Shepheard, yet few ſheep me follow right.
What ſhould our *Jeſus* do, whom all refuſe?
Gold pleaſes all, All men that Mettall chuſe.
Why then quoth Chriſt, ſeeing Gold's above all theſe,
I will be Gold, that I may all men pleaſe.
And yet my Gold's as braſſe, men are ſo evill,
Mine doth not pleaſe, as Gold from man or Devill.

Revel. 3. 17, 18.

O men of Earth, you Beasts of Limacie!
Are you so mad, that even my Gold you flie?
Doth Satan thousand souls with hookes of Gold,
And baites of Riches, draw to his black Hold;
Yet none will take my Gold? I pray what's in't?
Is it because it's Christs, of heavenly Mint,
Stamp't with my sacred Image, impresse of Grace?
Is this the cause world hides both hand and face?
Go wretched Soules, seek Silver, Gold, Earth's store,
This is your Portion, save Hell y' have no more.
Come hither poor Soules, take this my Graces gold,
Which currant eternally in Heaven shall hold.
When all the Gold and Silver the richest hath
Avails nothing at all in day of Wrath.

Two Arrowes. the first shot against the Earth & World.

Vitâ hac misera.

THis world has nothing worth the white-stones marke,
Lifes Light putt out all's clouds long-lasting, darke.
Here Joyes are wed to Griefe, hopes mixt with feares:
Our Life's a drop of Wine in a Tun of teares;
A Garlikes Clove, which soon as e'r we spie
From mothers wombe; it's with a watrie eye.
First letter of our Alphabet is O,
Our Eyes long run before our Feet can goe.
Strugling we enter this worlds Theater,
Entred we live 'mongst struglings, strivings, stirre:
At Evening of our Life, 'twixt Hope and Doubt
We die with trouble, and goe strugling out.
O fullest fairest fount of life and blisse,
Cleare without clouds, give me that life for this.

The second Arrow shot at Heaven: *Votum Animæ per literam, M.*

MErciful man-god Mediatour mine,
Much mercies, merits marvellous magazine,
Make me 'mongst men most miserable meet
Miscievous miseries mastering Mercie-seate.
Meekest Messiah make my mournful minde
Mirthfull, my Musick's mercies medicine.

FINIS.

Approbatio

PErlegi Poemation hoc, cui Titulus, The black Diet, *unâ cum Præfatione præmiſſâ, Notis margini adſcriptis, & Reſpirationibus Subceſivis ad Calcem appenſis: & cum nihil in ijs aut Eccleſiæ Anglicanæ, aut bonis Moribus contrarium aut diſſonam conſpiciatur, ea omnia & ſingula propitiâ* Lucinâ *Typis evulganda cenſui.*

Edm: Diggle, S. T. P. Reverendiſſimo in Chriſto Patri ac Domino Domino Archiepiſc'. *Eborac'.* à ſacris domeſt'.

Epiſcopo-Thorpæ
*Nov:*20.1663.

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